THE

GUARDS IN CANADA;

OR, THE

POINT OF HONOR:

BEING A SEQUEL TO

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S

"EIGHT YEARS IN CANADA."

MONTREAL:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

By H. H. CUNNINGHAM.

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" He who has a clamour raised against him by numbers, appeals in vain to numbers for justice, though his claim may be clear as the sun at noon-day. The divided responsibility of bodies of men prevents any thing like the consent of conscience, and the most ruthless wrongs are committed, equally without reflection and without remorse."—*Cooper's Crater; or, Vulcan's Peak, vol. ii., pages* 70, 71.

J. W. HARRISON, PRINTER.

THE GUARDS IN CANADA;

OR, THE POINT OF HONOR.

It has not been without deep reflection on the subject, that I have arrived at the determination of adding the following to my Eight years in Canada; but, as allusion has already been made therein, to a circumstance presumed by many, to have thrown a shade over my character for courage, and which is but imperfectly understood, in all its bearings, even by those who are presumed to have had cognizance of all the facts. I feel it to be a duty which I owe to myself—to my friends—those noble and manly friends who have generously sustained me through evil report, and to all who are inclined to think favorably of me—to remove the veil of concealment, and lay bare the whole matter before the public—not, be it understood, that I seek to make that public partisans, in a question, the merits of which can only be properly decided by the initiated in the Court of Honor, but chiefly with a view that the transaction may be brought under the notice of those select few whom I admit to be competent to decide upon its merits—and who are principally to be found in the London Clubs.

It has not, I repeat, been without deep, without serious reflection, and I may add, not without considerable reluctance, that I have decided on reviving a subject, over which years have *partially* thrown the shadow of oblivion, but not *wholly* so; and it is for this very reason—it is because I have been led to believe that false statements have been made—false impressions received, both here and at home, which my peculiar tenets in these matters repudiate with loathing and scorn—that I now feel myself called upon to vindicate myself to the uttermost. In a few short years I may go down to the grave, and who *then*, if I do it not *now*, will feel justified, however much and generously inclined, in puting forth an explanation which I had neglected to ren-

der myself?—whose voice will be raised to drown the calumny which my enemies, too timid—aye, too cowardly—to circulate in other than whispered, foul mouthed, inuendoes *now*, will *then*, when freed from all dread of refutation, loudly proclaim?

On reference to the volume, I find that notwithstanding I have, in alluding to the disagreeable matter in question, introduced every thing which could bear against myself, I have offered no other defence than what is contained in the scornful, but unsupported denial of so gross and improbable a charge as that contained in several of the low American papers. There is not to be found a line—a word, to convey to the reader, and to posterity, I trust, proof of the utter falsehood of the accusation, and of the animus which directed the whole proceeding—yet, which afforded, to the *fashionable*, the *honorable*, and the *high-minded* actors in the drama, the glorious opportunity of uniting in the noble design of crushing a single individual—one however, who, as the Montreal Herald of that day truly remarked, was not, and is not, to be put down by any set of men whomsoever—not even by those who, filled with arrogant assumption, presume to set themselves up in judgment on their fellows on points, the true merits of which they are incompetent to seize with accuracy—and with no diploma—no other recommendation to be heard, than what seems to be associated with the chivalrous character of their profession.

It is by no means my intention to go over the (to me) disgusting details of the matter and manner of this affair of honor as it is facetiously enough called by the writer of the paragraph which appears in the book. A summary of this will be given later in a copy of a document which was sent to Sir John Colborne; but as the Grenadier Guards—the then *élite* of Canadian society, are the parties to whom I shall have principally to allude, as having taken the initiative in the gentlemanly and manly crusade, it will be necessary for me to show on what terms I then was with those gentlemen; and, in order to do this the more effectually, no better evidence can be given than what appears under their own hands.

My first acquaintance with Colonel Barnard, was made at the table of Sir John Colborne, with whom I was rather a favorite until I adopted Lord Durham's views in favor of Responsible Government; and, through that officer, I subsequently became known to the Battalion generallly, and

to Colonel Crawfurd in particular. These, I had always found to be highly agreeable men, and certainly, up to the moment of the "unfortunate occurrence," I had had no reason to regret the honor of their acquaintance. Only a few days previously, I had dined at their mess, and I confess, from the manner of my reception by the whole corps of officers, I had no cause to infer that a time would arrive, and that speedily, when they would conspire to offer slight to one who had been thus generously entertained by them, and who, as they themselves admit in irrevocable language, had been guilty of no wrong.

The following notes from Colonel Ellison, commanding the Regiment, and Colonel Barnard, on the part of himself and others, will sufficiently show on what terms we were, up to the moment of the affair in which I was stated to have misconducted myself.

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10 Little St. James Street,
Monday, 23rd March.

My Dear Sir,—I regret much that it is not in my power to accept your kind invitation for Thursday next.

Yours truly,

[Signed] ROBERT ELLISON.

Major Richardson,
&c. &c. &c.

Dear Sir,—Colonel Crawfurd, Captain Cadogan, Clifford, and myself will have great pleasure in dining with you and Mrs. Richardson, on Thursday next. To save time, I have engaged to excuse them not personally answering your note.

Ever truly yours,

[Signed] H. W. BARNARD.

So informal, and therefore seemingly friendly, was his note, that, as will be remarked, it was neither addressed nor dated.

On the morning of Wednesday, a person whom I have no desire to name, had called upon me with a note, purporting to be from a party, from whom I had some reason to expect a message, although through a very different channel. I was indignant that the individual in question should have assumed to be the bearer of a communication of the kind, and I refused to acknowledge him. I told him, however, that when the party calling upon me for explanation, sent a gentleman

to me, I would entertain the subject, but not until then—and somewhat peremptorily desired him to leave the house. This he did; and I heard no more of the matter for that day, unless I may except a further refusal, in the course of the afternoon, to entertain the same person as a second.

On the following morning I had driven into town, from the suburb in which my residence was situated, and was stopped by one or two persons, who informed me that Colonel Barnard and Colonel Crawfurd were anxiously looking for me. Not long afterwards I met these officers, when they, seemingly big with some event of which they sought to be delivered, begged me to leave my vehicle without delay and join them, as they had something highly important to communicate to me. I did so, when we immediately proceeded from Notre Dame street, where I had joined them after putting up my drag, and descended the hill leading to the St. Lawrence suburbs. As we walked, and almost immediately after I had joined them, either Colonel Barnard or Colonel Crawfurd remarked, and in a tone that implied the speaker attached much importance to the subject. "Do you know that ———— intends to post you?" I had not given the slightest consideration to the subject, since the preceding day, nor indeed did I know their motive for having sought me, until thus informed by themselves. "To post me!" I repeated with no slight degree of astonishment,—"why, are you aware of the circumstances—that I have not refused the message, but objected only to the messenger?" "Oh yes" was the reply, we know that, but we have also heard it stated in a *very high quarter*, that you ought to have received anybody."

This to me, who, by some strange fatality, have had a good deal of experience in these matters, as well on the continent of Europe as in England, was rather a novel doctrine, and I could not but suspect something wrong. Why should these gentlemen, who professed to be my friends, and to whom, if to anybody in the country, the *chivalry* of this sort of thing ought to be familiar from education, if not from practice—thus seek to impress me with a belief that I had committed myself, by refusing to entertain as a second, a man, so ignoble in his appearance, that my wife, taking him for a beggar had, only a few days before, been on the point of tendering alms to a child whom he led by the hand? I confess I was staggered, for, from the manner in which the opinion of one in a *very high quarter* was pronounced, it

looked very much as though my informants were endorsers of the dictum.

This was not particularly cheering. However, still talking over the affair, we proceeded leisurely to the bottom of the hill, and were there standing, when the person with whom I had had the difference, rode up on horseback. As he was in the act of passing us, I called to him to stop. He did so: and I then asked if it was true that he had threatened to post me. He answered that it was true, and that he would do so. I inquired why he had not sent a gentleman to me. His reply was, that the party he had sent, was as much a gentleman as myself. Highly incensed, I then struck him a blow with my stick. A scuffle ensued in which he succeeded in wresting the stick from me, while his horse pushed against me in such a manner that I fell. While down, the person struck me several times, and on my rising, I said to him, "Now, you scoundrel, I will meet you in half an hour."

Colonel Barnard and Colonel Crawfurd were all this time present, and evidently regarding the scene with interest. On hearing me make the appointment at the old race ground, and within the time already stated, one remarked to the other, "there, that will do—that will do, come along." I certainly felt amazed—stupified. I had intended fully to have asked Colonel Barnard to act as my friend upon the occasion, but when I saw that, so far from seeming inclined to afford me personal assistance in the matter, he apparently sought to avoid giving me even counsel or advice, of which, in the excitement of the moment, he must have observed I stood much in need, my pride revolted at the very idea of subjecting myself to a refusal; and I at once decided that I must look for a friend elsewhere.

It is not my intention to go over the hateful past in regard to the affair itself. If I have so far conquered my strong repugnance to renew the disgusting details contained in the preceding paragraph, it is only because the two officers of Grenadier Guards, whom I have named, having been present at their occurrence, the public may judge of the fairness of their conduct towards one in whom they professed to take so great an interest—who, like themselves, bore the commission of Her Majesty, and at whose table they had engaged to seat themselves that very day.

Without, therefore, dwelling on the circumstances of what some have been pleased to call a duel, but what I

have ever considered a heartless entanglement—my vain endeavors to procure a friend within the limited time specified, although I had applied to three several parties—my sudden return home for my servant and pistols—the visit of the police to my house, just after I had again left it—the offer to throw myself into the hands of one of the two friends by whom my adversary was accompanied—my demand for delay, on his refusal, until 8 o'clock the following morning, when I pledged myself to be provided with a second—let me pass on to the moment, when, in almost phrenzy at the thought of the imputation which I knew would be sought to be cast upon my character for courage, I returned home late in the evening, not to receive the guests to whom, in the morning, I had expected to do honor, but to curse, in very bitterness of spirit, the false friends—the cold hearted worldlings, who had deserted me in the hour of my extremity.

Still there was a hope. Twenty-four hours had not elapsed, and it was possible, that although they had refused to allow *me* the privilege of the usual and legitimate delay, they would scarcely dare, as the challenging party, to deny the formal interposition of an auth rized friend. That friend I had anxiously sought in the morning, but within the few minutes given me to keep the rendezvous, so hastily and imprudently named by myself, my search had proved fruitless. My adventures of the last few hours had not been of a nature to give me much appetite for my dinner; therefore, contenting myself with swallowing off a glass or two of wine, I again repaired to the residence of him on whom depended my last chance of release from the web in which my own precipitate folly, not less than a tissue of the most extraordinary and adverse circumstances, had emmeshed me. I found Mr. Weir at home, and several gentlemen with him, among others, Mr. W. King M'Cord, the present Police Magistrate for Quebec. I explained my position, already well known throughout the city, when, without even waiting for me to ask him, he offered to go immediately, and demand a formal renewal of the negociation which had been broken off by the adverse parties, notwithstanding my protest against their decision. He remarked that the second, on the other side, was not a person whom he would have met in conference on such a subject, on an ordinary occasion, but as this was an extreme case, he would waive all considerations of the kind, and exert himself to the utmost

to obtain the meeting. In less than an hour he returned to his dining room, where we were sitting over the dessert and wine, and reported that he had pressed them closely, but could not get a definite promise. They insisted upon having *until two o'clock* the next day to decide. At the expiration of that time, their answer was given. It was to the effect that they had taken the advice of certain *Militaires*, whom they had consulted,—most *preux Chevaliers*, and a high honor to the British service must these gentlemen have been—and that was, not to consider the affair as other than terminated.

That night I was placarded over the walls of every street and corner of Montreal, as a "coward,"—not as a British officer—oh! no: that would have reflected on the *cloth* of those who had advised the proceeding—but as an officer in the service of the Queen of Spain! Do I feel the slightest hesitation in mentioning the fact at this distant day, when the circumstance is regarded in its true light, by every *private gentleman* in Montreal—by all, indeed, save those have an interest and an object in preserving the recollection? Certainly not; for it is in the power of any set of scoundrels, be they clad in red or black, to do the same, and the infamy of the transaction attaches far less to the immediate agents in the matter, than to the faint-hearted *Militaires*, who *advised* in *secret* what they dared not *openly avow*.

To the honor of the people of Montreal, and by the people, I mean the lower classes, every one of the atrocious placards was torn down almost as soon as they appeared, and amid so mixed a population, there was but one man to be found—and he perhaps hired by the *Militaires distingués* for the purpose—who ever repeated in distance, but with a design that I should hear it, the disgusting epithet which had every where been presented to the public eye.

But, I have insensibly wandered from my resolution, not to enter more than is absolutely necessary, into the case itself; but chiefly to confine myself to the action taken on it by the Grenadier Guards—several of the principal officers among whom, had been only a day or two before, as has been seen, on manifestly friendly terms with me. I return therefore to these *soi disant élite* of the British army.

On the morning following the placarding, my opponents published their statement. Mine was, at the same moment, in the course of preparation, and meanwhile, having been informed that Colonel Earnard had been privately communi-

cating with my adversary, I wrote to him with a view to dis cover what was his true feeling in regard to myself. I cannot find the copy of my letter to him, but his answer, which follows, will sufficiently explain its tenor.

March 30th, 1839.

My Dear Sir,—I regret very much the circumstances under which you are placed, and equally so, not being able to accede to your request, but it is a subject on which I cannot give an opinion. The public must judge between you, and I shall await your statement with every good wish.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Faithfully yours,
[Signed] H. W. BARNARD.

Major Richardson,
White's Cottage.

What a commentary on the lip-deep professions of man. How faithfully yours indeed; and this even *after* I had been posted as a *coward !*

By no means convinced from Colonel Barnard's note, that the writer had not acted as represented to me, I created an opportunity by writing for some books and papers which I had lent to Captain Cadogan, to hint to him what I had heard on the subject. The following is his reply :—

"Captain Cadogan regrets exceedingly, that owing to a mistake of his servant, who took the parcel to Major *Dixon*, Major Richardson was prevented from receiving the books mentioned, some days ago.

"Knowing the decided reluctance which Colonel Barnard had to being, in any way whatsoever, concerned or implicated in the late unfortunate transaction Captain Cadogan thinks himself justified in taking no other notice of that part of Major Richardson's note, relating to the advice reported to have been given by Colonel Barnard, than by distinctly stating his (Captain C's.) impressions, gathered from what he heard and saw at the time—these were that Colonel Barnard looked upon Mr. ———'s visit, as indeed he would upon any attempt made from any quarter to involve his name in such a transaction as that pending, to be intrusive as it was unwarranted. Captain Cadogan trusts to Major Richardson not to permit this note to be made the subject of future discussion or correspondence, between any of the parties mentioned.

Water Street,
Tursday morning."

Agreeably to Captain Cadogan's desire, no use was made of this note, at the time, which could possibly lead to "dis-

cussion or correspondence between the parties mentioned." At this remote period however, and when it becomes a matter of duty to myself to use no false delicacy with those who have not manifested much delicacy with me, I conceive myself fully justified in publishing that which bears no other mark of confidence than what was particularly specified.

Four days after the publication of my statement, which Colonel Barnard promised to "await with every good wish," and a *resumé* of which, I repeat, will be found accompanying the copy of a communication which I addressed to Sir John Colborne, the following missive was left at my house:—

"Colonel Ellicon and the officers of the Grenadier Guards present their compliments to Major Richardson, and hope, that under the existing circumstances, he will understand the necessity they are under of withdrawing their invitation to him for Monday the 8th inst.

Montreal, April 4."

Here was the *coup de grâce*, I had no doubt now, there was a powerful conspiracy forming among the high-minded *Militaires*, at the head of whom were Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards, which left me no longer in the dark as to the advice given to my adversary to attempt to crush my name and my honor for ever—and yet these men called themselves, and thought themselves, gentlemen, christians!—Heaven defend me from frequent contact with either such christians or such gentlemen.

In the fulness of my disgust, I instantly penned and despatched the following:—

"There was not the slightest necessity for Colonel Ellison, and the officers of the Grenadier Guards insulting Major and Mrs. Richardson by their note of this morning.

"Major and Mrs. Richardson know too well what is due to themselves to have profited by the invitation of the Grenadier Guards, *under existing circumstances.*"

The words dashed, were meant to imply my belief—confirmed by my receipt of this note—that notwithstanding the glaring infamy of the whole transaction which had been attempted to be brought to bear to my prejudice, the Guards had played me false. The matter could not of course rest here; but the time for further action had not yet arrived.

My good fortune multiplied. On the day following my receipt of the note, which it required, the united talent of the Guards to write twice and even then, to prevent mistakes, to be passed under review by their Chief, the High Constable of the District, made his appearance and handed me a document, which, being a curiosity in its way, may as well be given for the benefit of the reader.

"———— maketh oath, that on Thursday the 28th of March last, he was violently assaulted and struck by one John Richardson of Montreal, an Officer in the *Spanish* Service (not the *British*, be it remarked—the *Militaires*, in all probability had had "an eye" to that,) who was then armed with a stick, and who also then and there threatened the life of the deponent—that the said John Richardson hath several times, since the said twenty-eighth day of March last, made divers menacing threats towards this deponent, and this deponent is credibly informed, that the said John Richardson is now lying in wait for the said deponent, armed with a pair of pistols to attempt the life of this deponent, wherefore he prays the benefit of the law."

Here, indeed, were precautions with a vengeance, to chain down the "Spanish Hind" suddenly transformed into the "Spanish Lion." One really might have thought that the placarder and his backers, the *Militaires*, already felt in anticipation, the iron grasp of a Hans of Iceland, a Rob Roy, or a Wacousta himself. Be that as it may, I was not delivered from the fangs of the High Constable who, however, behaved most courteously on the occasion, until I had entered into bonds, not to cut the throats of any of these *Militaires*, for the space of one month at least, within which time it was possible, that even if I did succeed in finding them out, they would have left the country. Fortunately all the good people in Montreal did not think me such a desperado, and two sureties, in one hundred pounds each, were soon procured, and added to my own personal recognizances of two hundred.

On the same day, and in consequence of the course taken by the Grenadier Guards in the withdrawal of the invitation alluded to in their note, I addressed the following to the Commander of the Forces, Sir John Colborne :—

Montreal, 5th April, 1839.

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—A transaction has recently occurred in this City, which has now become almost matter of history. This is of so peculiar a nature as to have affected my character in the opinion of the public, to a most painful degree; and yet I have the inward, the

perfect assurance of having acted, throughout the whole of that transaction, with the high feeling and due sense of honor of a British officer. True, I am only on the half pay of the service, but still I bear Her Majesty's Commission ; and in that character I appeal to Your Excellency, as one to whom the honor of the service must be dear, to order a Court of Inquiry on my conduct, to be assembled. Whatever may have been my previous intentions on the subject, I have this day been bound down by the strong arm of the law, in a manner to render private redress, in a great degree, impossible.

I have the honor to be,
Your Excellency's most
Obedient humble servant,
J. RICHARDSON, Lt.
H. P. 92nd Highlanders.

His Excellency
Sir John Colborne,
&c. &c. &c.,
Commander of the Forces.

The reply was :

Deputy Adjutant General's Office,
Montreal, 6th April, 1839.

Sir,—I am directed, in reply to your letter of the 5th instant, to acquaint you that the Commander of the Forces does not feel authorized to order Courts of Inquiry upon any officer on half pay, not serving under his command, or to interfere in the case to which you have drawn his attention.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
[Signed] JOHN EDEN, D.A.G.

Lieut. Richardson, H. P.,
92nd Highlanders.

Let any one, possessing the slightest degree of sensibility, picture to himself the bitterness of my feelings during this crisis. Deliberately posted as a coward—that opinion tacitly endorsed by the magnanimous Grenadier Guardsmen of Her Majesty—and all fair opportunity denied me by the head of the army, of which I was a member, of vindicating myself from the foul slander, what was I to do? It was difficult indeed to decide. However, my own conscience acquitted me, and with that to sustain him, and the first stings of the arrows aimed at him, a little blunted by time, a man of determination may well afford to despise the artifices of any tricksters whomsoever.

They, who had presumed on the pain the placarding would inflict upon me, judged rightly. A cooler and more phlegmatic man might have regarded the infamous act with the scorn it deserved; but I confess, I could not so indifferently view it, for I was sensible that no common, no ordinary agency had been at work, and I felt that a train was being laid for my destruction, which it would require all my dexterity and ingenuity to avert.

My first encounter with the officers of the Grenadier Guards, after my reply to their note, was some days subsequent to their ball. I passed near a group, lounging at a corner of the Place d'Armes, among whom were Colonel Barnard and Colonel Crawfurd. I glanced unconcernedly at them as I passed, to see whether they would bow. They did not. The "ever truly yours," in particular, looked as though he had never been *truly* mine in his life, and I had the delightful assurance of being *cut dead* by the whole of those very formidable bear-skin-capped gentlemen. It would be idle to tell all that passed in my mind at that moment—all the resolutions I formed; but prudence I here felt to be the better part of valor, and with my blood at the boiling point, my manner essayed to be as cool as zero.

There was yet more than a fortnight of recognizance, and I had no right to commit those who had become my bail. Many anxious days I passed, during this period, endeavoring to determine on the course to be pursued. If I should send to the Guards for explanation, their answer might be comprised in the mere act of pointing to the placard as an insuperable barrier. This could not be risked, inasmuch as their example would serve as a pretext to shield every future puppy from the consequences of offence offered to me. Again I resolved to appeal to Sir John Colborne, and on the 20th of April wrote as follows:--

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Your Excellency,—Some time ago, I had the honor to address a communication to your Excellency, soliciting as a special favor, that a Court of Enquiry might be ordered on my conduct as a British officer, in an affair of recent occurrence in this city, in which I have been a principal actor.

To this appeal Your Excellency was pleased to state, through the Deputy Adjutant General, that you did not feel authorized to grant Courts of Enquiry on officers on half pay, not serving immediately under Your Excellency's command, and that you did not conceive mine to be a case in which the usage should be departed from. To this decision of your Excellency I bowed.

A few days later, I had the honor to converse with Your Excellency, and, from the kind manner which you were pleased to evince towards me, I had the satisfaction of inferring that I had not suffered in Your Excellency's estimation—yet has that satisfaction not been unalloyed, for I have observed, with equal pain and surprise, that some of the officers under Your Excellency's command, whose station in society may be deemed to give weight to their apparent opinions, have assumed towards me the semblance of disapprobation.

The accompanying summary, to which I request permission to solicit Your Excellency's attention, will sufficiently prove that I am undeserving of that disapprobation; and it is under that consciousness that I now venture to appeal to Your Excellency to pronounce an opinion on my conduct, which I think I may be excused in anticipating, will remove any sentiment to my prejudice that may at present exist.

In a recent affair at home, in which an officer of the Blues was unjustly slighted by his brother officers, appeal was made to the Commander in Chief, who pronounced his censure on the conduct of the corps which had thus unjustly treated one of its members. I do not pretend, Your Excellency, that there is a perfect parallel between the cases, since I am on the half pay of the service, nor can I expect that Your Excellency should pronounce a censure upon those military persons to whom I allude; still, in common with themselves, I bear Her Majesty's commission which I have either dishonored or upheld. If that commission has been dishonored by me, I am unworthy to hold it longer; but if, on the other hand, I have upheld it, I should, I humbly conceive, be upheld.

As a British officer—as the son of a British officer—both of long standing in the service—as a member of one of the most loyal families in this country—two of whom, at this moment, fill seats in the Legislature of the sister Province, I venture to make this appeal to Your Excellency, not that I have a strict claim to the interference of the Commander of the Forces, but, because I confide in Your Excellency's well known benevolence and sense of justice, not to suffer a gentleman who has had the honor of being repeatedly admitted to Your Excellency's table, and who came to this country furnished with a letter of introduction to Your Excellency, from one of the most distinguished officers in Her Majesty's Service,* to be thus lightly and unjustly condemned.

I have the honor to be,
Your Excellency's most
Obedient humble servant,
J. RICHARDSON, Lt.
H.P. 92nd Highlanders.

His Excellency
Sir John Colborne,
Commander of the Forces,
&c. &c. &c.

* Lord Hardinge, the present Governor General of India.

STATEMENT ENCLOSED.

An individual comes to my house, during my absence, and endeavors to obtain proof of my being the author of a publication, in order that, furnished with the necessary information, he may communicate it to the officers of a Regiment who are prepared to call me to account. Indignant at this conduct, and wholly ignorant of the authorship attributed to me, I express myself towards the party with a warmth justified by the occasion. This party sends to me a friend whom the respect I owe to myself and profession forbids my receiving in the character assumed by him. My adversary admits the validity of the objection I make to the first messenger, and endeavors to procure another, but finding a difficulty in this, placards me,† not for having refused him the satisfaction customary in such cases, but for having rejected the intermediation of one whom I could not look upon as a gentleman. Apprized of this most unwarrantable act, I am compelled to assault the party in question—a fracas ensues—a meeting is named, and without that reference to the probability of procuring a friend in so short a time, which, in a cooler moment, would have been duly considered. Half an hour only is given, in which, not only to find a friend, but to be at the place of rendezvous—a mile from the scene where the appointment is made. Within this time I apply to three different parties,‡ although from my short acquaintance with some of them, not strictly warranted in doing so—they decline, and I hasten in fruitless search of others. The dread of being too late urges me to the place of rendezvous. Here an obstacle occurs, and the *locale* of the meeting is changed. Pursued by the police, I find it impossible to prosecute my search for a friend, but being the challenged party, I naturally feel anxious to be upon the ground in time to afford my adversary whatever redress, and in whatever manner he may require, arrived there, I ask the assistance of one of those with whom my adversary is provided. He refuses, and I then offer to throw myself into the hands of the adverse party, confiding in their disposition to see justice done to both principals. This also is refused me. The adverse party, taking the most undue advantage of my position, declare the affair terminated. That night I succeed in obtaining a friend, and send him to my adversary, who demands until *two o'clock the next day* to give his reply—the answer at length given is, that the affair is terminated, and the offensive placards posted—the friend of my adversary, stating to mine, that he had taken counsel from several military men. A few days later, I publish a statement which differs but immaterially, in its more important features, from that of my adversary, preceding it. The civil public pronounce in my favor, but the military portion of society evince towards me a disapprobation, the cause of which neither have they explained, nor have I been able to conjecture, thereby placing me in a position as painful as it is unmerited."

† This is evidently a mistake. It should have been *threatens* to placard me.

‡ Mr. R———, a gentleman who had been constantly visiting at my house and to whom I had, only a day or two before, paid a hundred pounds lost to him and Mr. L———, the ——— ——— of the ———, at cards. Mr. E——— of the Commissariat who also was engaged to dine with me that day, and a Mr. D———, whom, however, I knew but slightly.

To this second communication and statement I received for answer:

DEPUTY ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Montreal, April 20th, 1839.

SIR,—Having submitted to the Commander of the Forces, your letter of this day, and the enclosure which accompanied it,—I am directed to express His Excellency's regret that he cannot interfere, in any way, in the case which you have brought under his notice.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

[Signed] JOHN EDEN, D.A.G.

Lieut. Richardson, H.P.

This was not encouraging, nor did it, in any way, enable me to take the high ground I sought, in calling upon the officers of the Guards for an explanation. Still the facts were so plain, so palpable that I knew, whatever might be their disposition, they *dared* not compromise themselves by an open declaration of justification of the conduct which had been pursued towards me. I felt strong in my own right, and, although I could have preferred that a Court of Inquiry should have placed me in a position not to admit of a possibility of question, I was not the less resolved to try the issue with those gentlemen, who, with all the facts before their eyes which I have hitherto stated—my last letter to Sir John Colborne excepted—had done themselves the honor of insulting a lady—even putting myself out of the question—by formally withdrawing an invitation spontaneously given to her husband by their most chivalrous and polished body.

Anxious to obtain some further insight into the feelings of the officers of the Grenadier Guards—the *seeming* arbiters of my fate—I addressed one of the most gentlemanly men of their corps, Mr. Daykin, one of the Assistant Surgeons, and received from him, not what I sought, but what, I confess, gratified me not a little, for I had never mixed him up—a man of sense and refined feeling—with the little chicanery that was passing in his regiment. The following is his answer:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to say, illness more or less for the last month, has kept me almost entirely out of Military Society; and on the few occasions when I have happened to mix with them, I

really assure you I do not remember ever having once heard any conversation on the subject alluded to by you, in your note of yesterday.

It would have given me great pleasure to have afforded you a useful hint on the subject, had I been able to do so.

Mrs. Daykin joins me in compliments to Mrs. Richardson, and believe me,

Yours very truly,

[Signed] W. B. DAYKIN.

April 28th.

I sincerely trust, and indeed, on an occasion of this sort, I am quite confident, Mr. Daykin will pardon the introduction of a private note, alike honorable (particularly under the circumstances) to himself, and necessary to me—as shewing that *all* the Grenadier Guards were not influenced by the same small motives.

After several attempts at a communication to their commanding officer, which were greatly softened down, in spirit as well as in letter, by a judicious and talented friend, who, very properly, felt that a temperate tone could alone effect the desired object, I at length despatched the following:—

WHITE'S COTTAGE,
Montreal, April 30th, 1839.

SIR,—On the 5th instant I received a note, purporting to contain, on the part of yourself and the officers of the Regiment under your command, the withdrawal of an invitation to a party which had been sent to me a few days before. Having, a short time previous to the arrival of that note, understood that an officer of rank in your Regiment,* who had engaged himself to dine with me on the very day on which a certain fracas occurred—by whom I had been introduced to the corps, and who had professed a strong interest towards me in the matter alluded to, had been seen in close conference with my adversary, apparently as his adviser—nay, having at the same time been informed that that adversary had since received an invitation to the party in question—having, I repeat, been so informed, and having just been arrested on the oath of that adversary, I, under the feelings of indignation which such information, and the arrival of your note at such a moment could not fail to create, answered that "existing circumstances"—meaning the circumstance I have just related—rendered wholly unnecessary a communication of that tenor.

An officer, Sir, of your rank and presumed acquaintance with the usages of society, must, in writing that note, have fully expected that the person to whom it was addressed would have felt himself equally

* Colonel Barnard.

impelled by his own feelings, and obliged by the laws of honor, to require from you, at the earliest possible period, an explanation of the grounds upon which you had conceived yourself authorized to address to him such a communication. To inquire into those grounds is the object of this letter, which I address to you the instant after the expiration of that recognizance to keep the peace, under which a panic of my adversary, not very compatible with his public pretensions to personal resolution, had placed me at the very moment of my receipt of your note.

As that note purports to announce to me your individual sentiments, I now address myself to you in your individual capacity, and expect, that in such capacity, you will answer me.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. RICHARDSON, H.P.
92nd Highlanders,
Major, late Spanish Service.

Colonel Ellison,
Grenadier Guards,
10 *Little St. James Street,*
Montreal.

On the same day, the following reply was left at my residence :—

LITTLE ST. JAMES STREET,
April 30, 1839.

SIR,—I have just received your note of the 30th, and, in answer to it, have to observe, that, with regard to the first part of it, I have nothing to say, as it does not concern me.

With regard to the second, I can have no hesitation in putting you in possession of all that took place in the Regiment under my command, from the period of your rencontre with Mr. ———, up to that of your receiving the note in my name, of which you complain. A few days prior to our ball, some of the officers observed to me that it would be very unpleasant should Major Richardson present himself at the ball, and asked me whether it would not be better that a note should be written to him. My answer was that I thought it quite unnecessary, as I could not imagine that Major Richardson, at the present moment, would avail himself of the invitation. Shortly after, some of the officers who had been talking the matter over, again observed that Major Richardson might avail himself of it, and that it would be very disagreeable if anything occurred to disturb the harmony of the ball. I observed in return—"if you think so, let a note be sent, but take care that it is so worded as not to make Major Richardson think that we have condemned him for what has taken place, or at all prejudged his case." The note was written and shown to me. I made some alterations, being anxious that it should be so worded as

to avoid, in any manner, hurting your feelings. My surprise, and that of all the other officers, was naturally very great, upon receiving your answer, particularly as, up to that period, nothing had occurred, as far as we knew, in your rencontre with Mr. ———, to alter the feelings of those officers towards you who made your acquaintance. Upon the receipt of your note the case was altered, and we had but one course to pursue.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

[Signed] ROBERT ELLISON.

Major Richardson,
&c. &c. &c.

Now, let me ask every impartial reader to pause a moment on the contents of this letter, for which, however, I have some reason to thank the veteran officer, now no more, who penned it. It is evident that Colonel Ellison felt and acted throughout with all the delicacy, and desire to make reparation, of the high-minded gentleman; and that, even at a moment when all friendly intercourse between us had ceased, he was anxious to afford me—what he knew, must, to a man of acute sensibility in these matters, be satisfactory in the highest degree—the assurance that he had done nothing, in the opinion of himself and officers, in the affair which had so recently taken place, unworthy of a man of honor. This admission was indeed a treasure to me, and of no little use on after occasions, as will be seen. But while really *grateful* to Colonel Ellison for an expression of opinion which might have been withheld, had he been so disposed; and satisfied that he had been pestered and misled by his officers, into a course of action which his own feeling heart and better judgment condemned, let me, I repeat, ask the reader to analyze, with me, the contents of this reply to my demand for explanation.

Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards, being supposed, from their position in society, to take the initiative in matters of this kind, and to give the *ton*—in a colony *especially*—acquit a brother officer of all blame in an affair in which it has been declared by their Colonel, nothing had been done by that officer, to change the favorable opinion entertained of him by those under his command; and yet, these men, in the face of all the facts leading to this admission, offer him a slight of the most marked and decided character, by withdrawing an invitation previously given—thus leading the

public of a small community, in which every thing is known, to arrive at a conclusion directly the reverse of what their own studied written language puts forth. It was idle for the Grenadier Guards to pretend that they were justified in sending the offensive note they did, especially where a lady was concerned. If they had no fault to find with the husband, it was in the highest degree indecorous and insulting to the wife; particularly when they knew that the former had been placed, by a tissue of the most extraordinary circumstances, in a position in which he could not well call upon them for explanation. The very demur of Colonel Ellison, in the first instance, proved the existence of wrong in those who so pertinaciously urged his sanction to the note. And what were the contents of that note, emanating from those on whom my conduct is said to have produced no unfavorable impression? Colonel Ellison states that, notwithstanding his strict injunction that it should be carefully worded—so worded as not to wound my feelings, or lead me to suppose that they had at all prejudged my case—he was under the necessity of revising it. But why despatch a note at all? Here was the ground of offence Had the subordinate officers of the Grenadier Guards possessed one tithe of the delicacy or consideration of their commanding officer, those 'Elegant Extracts,' would have left it to my own jndgment whether, or not, to avail myself of their invitation. Colonel Ellison was quite right in supposing that I would not have presented myself at the ball; not because I felt that there was any obstacle interposed by my own conduct, to prevent me, but because good taste seemed to demand that, until the *curiosity* and excitement created by the affair, which could not be denied to be most extraordinary of its kind, should in some degree have subsided, an excuse from attendance should be sent. A certain officious person—one of those to whom I had, in vain, applied to accompany me as a friend on the morning of the proposed meeting—had had the coolness to come to my house a few days afterwards, and to evince some anxiety to know whether I intended going to the Guards' Ball or not. I, of course, told him I should, for it was my impression that this individual had been sent to discover my views, and on his report, I have no doubt, the note of the Guards was written. But for this circumstance, I should have anticipated the offensive missive which was conveyed to me, and sent an apology. That, it occurred to me, was my course. The course of the Guards was very

different. They, as the assumed leaders of the Montreal society, should have acted with honesty and with consistency. If they really thought there had been nothing wrong in my conduct, they should have given the tone to public opinion, by marking their own sense of the matter; and insisting that I should present myself on an occasion where all might have an opportunity of knowing the tacit judgment they had pronounced. By the step they adopted, they led the public, who were well aware of the fact of withdrawal from me of their invitation, to infer that they had condemned me, which no doubt they had, although their letter denies it. There is falsehood somewhere, and it is for the Grenadier Guards to point out in what quarter.

The reason assigned for the withdrawal is curious enough: —least, say these Chesterfieldians, through their Colonel, "something unpleasant should occur." Now, it is difficult to understand what unpleasantness could have been anticipated to occur at a party of the kind. Surely, no one of the guests of the Guards would have presumed to slight or offend one whom they had so wholly exonerated from blame, as to continue in their regard! Not so: Canada is too red-coat ridden for any just apprehension of that kind; and if not, it could scarcely be supposed that I would seek to irritate where it was my interest, as well as my duty, to conciliate.

Colonel Ellison states, in his explanation, that his officers were very much surprised on the receipt of my answer to their note. In this surprise, if they really entertained it, they assuredly stand alone. Considering all the strange circumstances connected with Colonel Crawfurd and Colonel Barnard—the latter in particular—from the very outset; their most singular; and, I should have thought, most unguardsman-like corroboration of the opinion expressed in a "high quarter"—that I ought to have received *anybody* as the bearer of a hostile message—and the specious refusal of Colonel Barnard, subsequently, to give me one line of advice, even while his letter was signed with the usual marks of friendly and unabated interest—under these circumstances, I repeat, I had no right to consider in any other light, than as a condemnation of my conduct, and an indirect *cut*, the withdrawal of an invitation previously given and accepted. Had any one of those officers of the Grenadier Guards—Colonel Barnard for instance—written to me a *friendly* and private note, intimating any reasonable cause for wishing me not to appear at their ball, I should have taken the hint

in the spirit in which it was meant to be conveyed. Then, indeed, the case would have been very different; but a formal note in the third person, from a body of men, several of whom, as has been seen, had, only a day or two previously, been on terms of comparative intimacy with me, could be regarded in no other light than as a premeditated affront to one whose hands they knew to be tied, not only by the law, but by a far more powerful agent—public opinion, as *ostensibly* directed by themselves.

Who would, or could, have regarded such a note, under the circumstances of the case, but as a formal withdrawal of acquaintance, and who would have hesitated to reply as I did? And yet Colonel Ellison's letter states, that up to the moment of the receipt of my answer, nothing had occurred to alter the feelings of those officers of his regiment who had made my acquaintance. A strange mode, it must be confessed, of evincing their friendly sentiments, by making it matter of notoriety throughout the city that they had withdrawn a card of invitation. Again, Colonel Ellison adds that, on the receipt of my answer, which very much surprised his officers, the case was altered, and they had no other course to pursue—than what?—to cut me, I presume. This is a mode of reasoning that will be better understood by the Guards themselves than by sensible men. Few, however, will believe that this was the case, and unless it was, the Guards, *then* in Canada, have not been much disposed to regard straightforwardness and integrity—and had acted (Colonel Ellison excepted) throughout the whole affair, with the most shameless—the most heartless duplicity towards me.

Was it that they did not like my indignantly accusing them of gratuitous insult to a lady? If so, the question now is, did they or did they not insult her, in withdrawing an invitation in which her name was included, and under circumstances reflecting, as they themselves admit, no blame whatever on her husband? I think they did; and my sense of this was the stronger on the occasion, because these gentlemen—supposed to be conversant with the courtesies of well-bred men, had not even bethought them of the necessity for excusing themselves from the dinner, the invitation to which they had accepted. True, I had not expected them under, as they expressed it the "existing circumstances;" but it was not the less their duty, as gentlemen, to have gone through the form of excuse, particularly where a lady was in

the question. Neither Colonel Barnard nor Colonel Crawfurd, had had, since their separation from me in the morning, so much to occupy their attention, unless, indeed, it was their deep interest in my affairs as to prevent them from complying with a conventional politeness. When, therefore, added to the withdrawal of their invitation, came the recollection of this fact, I confess I could not but experience deep indignation; for I felt that one whom they had had frequent opportunities of meeting, not only at the parties of Sir John Colborne, but at those of the Earl of Durham, at which last they could not have failed to witness the marked and respectful attention of that nobleman to her, had a right to expect a little more courtesy from the Grenadier Guards—even although her husband *had* failed in a point of honor with an adversary.

What other interpretation can be placed upon Colonel Ellison's letter of explanation, which intimates that my first note to the corps had altered the case, and left them no other course to pursue, I am at a loss to understand. Be this as it may, the very refined feelings of those very refined gentlemen ought to have taught them rather to refrain, at the suggestion of their Colonel, from wounding those in whom they admit they found no wrong, then to feel pique or annoyance at being charged therewith. Inconsistency such as theirs might have been over-looked in a cockney, or a country bumpkin; but in gentlemen pretending to the *savoir faire* and *ton* of the Grenadier Guards, a very different course was to be expected. However, it was sufficient for my present purpose that all *intention of slight was disavowed*, whatever the feeling *entertained*, and as the Guards thought proper to interpret my note into an offence to them, it was, of course, for them to adopt what decision they thought proper on the occasion.

To Colonel Ellison's note, written in a spirit very different from that which appears to have animated the officers under his command, I returned the following acknowledgment, which, with that note and the one it answered, was published in the Montreal Herald, a day or two after the correspondence had ceased.

WHITE'S COTTAGE,
Tuesday night, April 30th, 1839.

SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your answer to my letter of this afternoon, and to express my sense of the tone and air of cour-

tesy which pervade it. It is a source of satisfaction to me to find, as was indeed to be expected, that, up to the period of the receipt, by you and the officers of the Grenadier Guards, of my note of the 5th of April—a period some days subsequent to the termination of my transaction with Mr. —— ——, and all the published explanations and correspondence relating to it—that nothing had occurred to alter the feelings, towards me, of those officers of your regiment who had made my acquaintance. Such, however, being the case, I cannot wholly suppress the expression of my surprise, that it should have been deemed necessary for persons, thus entertaining for me unabated consideration, to address to me a note of such a nature as to have induced you kindly to recommend so much care and delicacy in its composition, and even finally to have retouched it yourself. It is surely, therefore, not to be wondered at that I should, on its receipt, have experienced that pungency of feeling which you appear to have anticipated, and against which you seemed so solicitous to guard—a pungency of feeling occasioned, not only by the nature of your note, but by the anticipation of the publicity and interpretation it was so soon to receive, and has actually received. I felt much the apparent indignity, and was justifiable in expressing – nay, obliged to express this feeling in my reply. But it is sufficient that all intention of slight has been disavowed.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
J. RICHARDSON,
92nd Highlanders,
Major, late Spanish Service.

Colonel Ellison,
Grenadier Guards,
10 *Little St. James street,*
Montreal.

Thus terminated my relations with the Grenadier Guards. The lesson afforded me, by the honor of their acquaintance, had been rather a bitter one, but nevertheless it was one which I determined should not be wholly without instruction. They, or rather their gentlemanly and considerate Colonel, had armed me fully against future impertinences, by the important admission contained in the note of explanation; and I was resolved that those officers of Her Majesty's Service, who had advised the outrage so recently and infamously committed on a brother officer, should find, whenever occasion presented itself, that *posting* was a sort of game which might be played in return, and with advantage, upon themselves.

Man is, but too often, a mere imitator—the weak in intellect of the strong—the humble in position of the more ex-

alted. It was sufficient that the Grenadier Guards—*les Honorables, par excellence*, in Canada—should have acted in the way they did, to induce the host of those, who bowed and fawned upon, and licked the dust from beneath the feet of those gentlemen, to follow their example.

It would appear that my note to the Grenadier Guards, must have embraced an affront to the whole Garrison, for the two regiments of the line, then in Montreal, and including men who had been in the habit of visiting—nay dining—at my house, following the course of the bear-skin-caps, no longer did me the honor to bless me with the light of their rosy and rubicund faces. But this was not all. There is no country in the world—certainly no colony—wherein the military have such absolute and exclusive rule as in Canada, or are so slavishly copied. Like so many curs, (I confine myself to their imitators) the few young men who aim at being considered extremely fine and extremely fashionable, both in speech and manner, may be seen following in the wake of the men of scarlet, sniffing at their heels, and proud to be permitted to tread in their footsteps; while the men they adulate, treating them with the secret contempt their conduct so justly merits, reward their servility by monopolizing the attentions and affections of their women—few of whom ever condescend to notice a civilian, when a red coat is the competitor for favor. Some of these women flirt with regiment after regiment, as they succeed each other in garrison, until they have absolutely grown wrinkled in the almost diurnal occupation. These may ever be distinguished by the loud laugh and speech—the bold look of effrontery, and the dissipation-telling cheek, on which the blush of virgin timidity has long ceased to mantle, as they saunter up and down the *pavè*, or frequent all places of public resort, the scorn of some—the pity of others—and the astonishment of all. I *could* name half a dozen of those misguided, half-educated women, who take the lead in this sacrifice of the commonest principles of delicacy and propriety; but *will* not so far gratify those who have not yet made the same progress in a semi-courtezanship which has repeatedly been denounced from the pulpit—Catholic as well as Protestant—yet denounced in vain. Indeed, could credence be given to all that is said of some—not covertly, but openly said—not the painted, but far more modest looking harlot who daily frequents the same promenades, can have reason to envy the more *distinguées* of her sisterhood,

on the score of morals. And yet, these latter affect to regard, as beneath them in the social scale, those of their own sex, who, with ten times their talent, natural and acquired, do not mix in their tainted coterie of vicious ignorance. Nor can it be wondered at, that they should be thus,—for the mothers of the unblushing, dissipated looking women to whom I allude, having, in their youth, paid adoration at the same idol, are rather glorified than pained by the unfeminine conduct of those whom they seem to have trained but to one sole purpose—that of entrapping a military lover.

But I have, insensibly, digressed from the parasites of their own sex. It would be in the highest degree amusing, were it not for the humiliation, and the shame for one's kind, induced by the sad contemplation, to behold the abjectness of self-gratulation—the silly pompousness of manner of those, the first desire of whose small hearts is to be deemed on familiar terms with a red coat, without the slightest reference to the qualifications—the talent or ignorance of him it covers. The acme of *their* happiness is to be permitted the enviable position of being dragged at an officers heels, too happy if they are not kicked into the gutter, in some moment of caprice of their masters; but allowed to be seen by their fellows, who dare not, or choose not, to aspire to a similar distinction. Even by such creatures as these, and to whom, I scarcely can divine how I became known—was the conduct of those, to whom they bent the knee with all the adulation of the slave, in some degree imitated.

It was not long after this event that, as I have stated in the early part of the volume,* I visited the Western section of the country. My newly acquired fame had, as of course, intended by my calumniators, preceded me. While in the neighbourhood of Detroit, a paragraph appeared in a Canadian paper—the Western Herald—published in the village of Sandwich, reflecting rather severely on the facilities afforded to American citizens whom curiosity often induced to visit the fortifications at Fort Malden. I was at that time —and trust I am still—on friendly terms with the more respectable families in Detroit, and among others with that of Governor Mason. The Misses Mason were highly charming, amiable girls; and good naturedly, yet rather maliciously rallied me, during a morning visit which I paid them, soon after the appearance of the paragraph in question, on

*Eight years in Canada, not yet published in London.

my being the author. Deeply mortified at the imputation of so ungenerous an act, I nevertheless dissembled my annoyance, and carelessly inquired who had given them the information. "Lieutenant Schreiber of the 34th," was the reply.

Soon afterwards I took my leave—crossed the River—rode down to Amherstburgh, a distance of eighteen miles, and dispatched a communication to the officer who had been named, and who was quartered in the Fort. I have mislaid—indeed lost—the copy of that note, but the answer I subjoin, together with the reference I have just made to the subject, will sufficiently shew what were the contents.

Malden, 16th July, 1839.

SIR,—In answer to your note of this day's date, I beg to inform you that, in the course of conversation with some friends at Detroit, about the paragraph in question, I mentioned the circumstance of my having heard it reported that you might have been the author of it; but from whom I heard it I have not the slightest recollection, and only mentioned the thing as a common rumor of the day, without attaching the slightest importance to it.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
[Signed] A. S. SCHREIBER.

Major Richardson,
&c. &c. &c.

So; this was the first fruit of the notoriety given to my affair in Montreal by the conduct of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards. I had been accused of paragraph writing in one place, and of course the same charge must hold good in another. But I saw more in this slander than I chose to advert to at the time—an ingenious device to make me as unpopular with my American friends, as it had been endeavored to render me with my own countrymen.

In answer to Mr. Schreiber, I sent a friend with the following:

FORSTER'S HOTEL,
Amherstburg, 16*th July*, 1839.

SIR,—Your note, in reply to mine of this morning, is in every way unsatisfactory. You state that it was common report that I might

have been the author of the paragraph in question, and yet you cannot recollect one of the many parties from whom you heard it. This is unfortunate. It is a received axiom in matters of this kind, that a gentleman uttering a report, injurious to the character of another, shall be held responsible for the offence, unless he shall have given up some decided and tangible authority. This you have not done; and I now call upon you to apologize to me for having circulated a rumor, injurious to me in the society in which it was uttered, without being fully prepared to satisfy me of the identity of the party from whom you profess to have obtained it.

My friend, Captain Grant, of the Essex Cavalry, will hand you this note, and enter into such explanations as may be necessary.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. RICHARDSON,

H. P. Gordon Highlanders,

Major, late Spanish Service.

Lieut. E. S. Schreiber,

34th Regiment,

Amherstburg.

To this, my friend accepted the following answer :—

Malden, July 12th, 1839.

Sir,—In reply to your note, handed to me by Captain Grant, I beg to state, that I regret having been the *cause* of circulating a report, in Detroit, to your prejudice, as, in mentioning the subject, I assure you it was far from my intention to injure your character as a gentleman.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

[Signed] A. S. SCHREIBER.

Major Richardson,

&c. &c. &c.

Shortly after my receipt of Mr. Schreiber's last note, I hastened back to Detroit, and submitted the correspondence in the quarter where I had obtained the information which gave rise to it. This prevented the mischief which, I verily believe, had been intended by the originator of the report, and which, but for the prompt course I felt myself compelled to pursue, *must* have resulted.

While in Detroit, another affair occurred, which, although unconnected with the gentlemen between whom and myself

guerre ouverte had been more than half declared, it may not be irrelevant to subjoin, as instancing the singular fatality which has ever made me the party assailed, instead of the aggressor in matters of this kind.

I had accepted the invitation of a gentleman in Detroit, to become the inmate of his dwelling for a few weeks, prior to leaving that part of the country for central Canada. It chanced that a lady relative of my host, and separated from her husband, was residing, at the same time, beneath his roof; and, not many days after my instalment in most comfortable quarters, I received a letter from the husband, intimating to me that he thought it exceedingly improper that I should continue to remain where observation and comment might arise, prejudicial to his wife. This letter was, as he subsequently admits, rather coarse in its tone, and I did not reply to it. Shortly afterwards, a gentleman called upon me as the friend of the husband, and insisted on satisfaction for the slight I had offered in failing to reply to the letter. A friend was named by myself,* and a great deal of annoyance and vexation resulted from the simple fact that our opponents knew not how an affair of honor should be conducted. To crown my misery, I was attacked by ague, and while people came into my room, talking of the determination of my adversary to have me out with rifles "and no mistake," the violent shivering under which I labored, and which grew more marked in proportion with my excitement, might have led them to believe me an easy conquest. Finally, and after, as I have just remarked, a great deal of trouble, a rendezvous was given (the weapons pistols) at a spot appropriately enough, called Fighting Island, and thither Lieut. Wooster, and myself, accompanied by Major Forsyth,† one of the most gallant and gentlemanly Americans in that section of the country, repaired one afternoon early in the month of June. We waited some time, but there was no sign of those who had invited us to enjoy the beauties of the scenery. But although these gentlemen were absent, we were not quite alone. Seemingly taking a meditative stroll on the sands of the Island, we encountered the herculean form of the late member for Kent, Joseph Woods, Esquire, who at once intimated to me that he knew what we were there for, and had instructions to arrest and carry us before a magistrate. This was not pleasant, how-

* Lieut. Wooster of the 4th United States Artillery, and now in Mexico.
† This officer is also in Mexico.

ever, as some time had elapsed, and there was no appearance of the other party, or likelihood of their coming, it was not difficult to satisfy Mr. Woods that we should "commit no breach of the peace" *there*, and we were suffered to depart from Her Majesty's territory.

Mr. Woods had, it appears, received his instructions from Colonel Prince, to whom I had applied for pistols in the morning, without at all thinking of binding him to secrecy in the matter. I had thought him too old a sportsman, however, to disturb game thus prematurely, and indeed have never thought of asking him since, how he came thus to falsify his creed.

My friend Wooster, a very gallant fellow, who has, I perceive, distinguished himself—as have indeed almost all the officers of the 4th artillery—in the Mexican war, of course made his report on his return to Detroit, and I was freed from all importunity, or dread of rifles.

Sometime afterwards, I received the following singular letter from my late antagonist :

Detroit, Wednesday, June 17th, 1840.

Sir,—Man, at times, under strong excitement, goaded on by *friendly* inuendo, is not apt, in such moments, to maintain a mastery over his passions—to weigh deliberately his expressions. In such a position recent events have placed me. It is an attribute of my character, when in error, to make every necessary atonement—to suffer no inducement to keep me, knowingly, in the wrong, at the same time, never to depart from a line of conduct which reason justifies me in assuming, by wavering irresolution, or apprehension of personal harm.

There is a coarseness and impertinence in one of the passages of my first note to you which I would gladly disavow. It was neither dictated in wantonness, nor conceived on reflection ; but had its birth from an unbalanced mind, tossed in a tempest of trying events. I would, therefore, desire it eraced from memory and paper.

Our difficulty reached a point nearly defining a termination. I wrote to convince you, by your *friend's* own note and admissions, that the imputation of cowardice cannot be attached to me. With that object, supposing that no generous mind would hesitate to do even tardy justice, I proposed to Mr. —— an interview, instead of seeking public notoriety, where the malignant might introduce a lady's name unjustly, to convince you that then, as now, I have yet learned to live in the fear of any man.

Respectfully,

Major Richardson,
&c. &c. &c.

To this I returned the following answer, which terminated the tragi-comic affair:

Major Richardson has to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. ——s' note of yesterday's date, which absence from Detroit has prevented him from noticing earlier.

Major Richardson cannot but regret that *friendly* inuendoes should have urged Mr. —— to the adoption of the course pursued by him on a recent occasion. As, however, he has disavowed the objectionable portions of his original note, to which it was impossible that a reply could be sent, and has furthermore expressed his extreme concern at having penned them, Major Richardson trusts that no more may be thought of the matter.

In regard to a personal interview, which is, moreover, rendered wholly unnecessary by the note now forwarded to Mr. ——, Major Richardson must beg, under all the circumstances of the case, to decline it.

JEFFERSON'S AVENUE,
Thursday, June 18th.

It was soon after this affair, and on my return to Brockville, to take up my final residence in that place, that an event occurred, between Lieutenant Colonel Williams of the Particular Service commanding the District, and myself, that created, at the time, not a little sensation. Whether I was the aggressor in this case, the following correspondence, conveying all the bearings of the matter at issue, will show.

ROCK COTTAGE,
August 24th, 1840.

SIR,—I have only just been made acquainted with the fact of your having reported, or ordered to be reported, certain officers under your command, for having engaged in a private game at cards a few evenings since in this place.

Upon the disposition to continue that system of annoyance, and interference in the private affairs of officers, which led to repeated complaints, terminating in your removal from your command on the Lower Canada frontier, I have nothing to remark; but as far as regards myself, who have no inclination to acknowledge your right, or to succumb to your assumption of interference with what passes under a private gentleman's roof, some explanation of the step you have thought proper to pursue is necessary.

The fact of your having made the conduct of the officers alluded to a censure of course implies impropriety on their part. If, therefore, such impropriety be attributed to them, all these gentlemen, not your officers, comprising the remainder of the party,—Mr. S—— Mr.

M——, (at whose invitation we met), and myself, would seem to be included in the censure.

Now, Sir, as the honor of being commented upon in any way by you is not precisely that which I covet; and as I cannot suffer a doubt to exist on the subject, I must beg you directly to state whether your censure upon the officers to whom I have alluded was in any way intended to reflect, directly or indirectly, upon me.

I have the honor to be, &c.,
Your most obedt. humble servant,
J. RICHARDSON,
Major Late Spanish Service.

Lieut. Colonel Williams,
Particular Service,
Commanding Prescott.

BROCKVILLE, *August 24th*, 1840.

SIR,—I am in the receipt of a letter from you of this day's date, and have only to observe that I am not responsible for any inference people may choose to draw from, nor accountable to you, or any other private individual, for the conduct I may think proper to adopt with any officer under my command, though I might deem you are so to me, for the untruth of the statement you have thought proper to make respecting my removal from the Lower Province; did I consider such an assertion, made by you, likely to affect my character in any way, and as I have not the honor of being personally acquainted with you, neither do I covet the honor of any further correspondence with you.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
[Signed] W. F. WILLIAMS.

J. Richardson, Esq.,
Major Late Spanish Service.

BROCKVILLE, *25th August*, 1840.

SIR,—As your letter of yesterday's date, in reply to mine of the same morning, does not deny that a reflection was intended to be cast upon me in the course you thought proper to pursuse on a recent occasion, I am under the necessity of assuming the fact.

Under these circumstances, and making due allowance for what appears to be a natural infirmity, all that remains for me to state is, that; considering your conduct to have proceeded from a spirit of espionage—an intrusion into privacy, as unbecoming as it is derogatory to the high-mindedness of a soldier—I can only entertain, and shall ever express, but one sentiment for a person capable of such a dereliction from the usages of society.

J. RICHARDSON, MAJOR,
Late Spanish Service.

Lieut. Colonel Williams,
Particular Service,
Commanding Prescott.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON,
26th August, 1840.

SIR,—I have just received your letter of the 25th instant, and placed it in the hands of a magistrate, requesting him to release me from the further annoyance of one who has no claim to the treatment of a gentleman.

W. F. WILLIAMS.

J. Richardson, Esq.,
Late Spanish Service.

At a first view, and taking my original letter to Colonel Williams, without reference to the causes which induced it, it may appear unnecessarily severe; but I must here state, what should previously have been remarked, that Colonel Williams had provoked it by presuming to observe, to one of the officers alluded to, "If Major Richardson wishes to keep a gambling house, he had better select his own residence." This particularly rude and vulgar allusion to myself was so uncalled for and unwarranted by the occasion, that, without compromising the officer who had given me the information, I had no other course to pursue than to *beg* the repetition to myself.

His last note, of course, sealed our correspondence, and thus, a fair opportunity having been afforded—nay, forced upon me, to retaliate the act which had, so shortly before, been advised by the judicious *Militaires*, I was resolved that this gentleman—of sufficiently distinguished rank for my purpose—should enjoy all the benefit. I immediately afterwards caused the following announcement to be printed at Ogdensburg, in the United States, and not only placarded it there, but at Prescott, the head quarters of Colonel Williams, and at Brockville, where the correspondence had taken place.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas, Major Richardson, an officer in the service of the Queen of Spain, was recently under the necessity of charging Lieut. Colonel Williams, of Her Majesty's Particular Service, commanding the Prescott frontier, with conduct derogatory to the character of an officer and a gentleman; and whereas the said Lieut. Colonel Williams has not noticed such accusation in the manner usual on those occasions, but has, on the contrary, thrown himself under the protection of the magistracy; and furthermore, given it out, (not openly to Major Richardson, but to other parties, basely and insidiously,) that his reason for not calling out Major Richardson was the misconduct of

the latter in a certain affair of honor which took place in Montreal about eight months ago:—this is to declare that Major Richardson, having been exonerated from all blame in the affair in question by public opinion generally, and particularly by Colonel Ellison, then commandant at Montreal, of the Grenadier Guards,—a fact of which Lieut. Colonel Williams was fully cognizant, from admissions contained in a certain correspondence published in the Montreal papers of the day;—this, it is repeated, is publicly to declare that the said Lieut. Colonel Williams, of the Particular Service, commanding on the Prescott frontier, is a contemptible, shuffling, and prevaricating slanderer, who has sought to avoid the personal responsibility his littleness of conduct had entailed, under a subterfuge as cowardly as it is false, calumnious and malicious.

J. RICHARDSON, MAJOR,
Late Spanish Service.

These placards are great ticklers, nor could there be any thing particularly outré in my following on the path of those *Militaires distingués* in Montreal, who had set the fashion, and in whom, of course, there could be nothing wrong. I now felt somewhat in the position of the unhappy victim whose back has been unmercifully scored at the halberts, and who, on seeing his fellow-sufferer tied up and undergoing the same castigation, experiences a partial solace to his wounds —and this the greater, because he is sensible that the man, last flogged, is far more deserving of punishment than himself.

Not exactly impressed with the chivalry of the course that would, on this occasion, be adopted by the little gentleman who had sought refuge, as he had been good enough to inform me, under the protecting wing of a highly moral Magistrate of the District, I, immediately after the placarding, repaired to the American shore, leaving my address behind me.

A day or two afterwards, a Captain Shaw of the battalion of Militia, under the command of Colonel Williams, called upon me at the hotel where I had taken up my temporary *sejour;* and, as I had expected, introduced himself as the bearer of a message. The invitation he brought was a very *friendly* one—a little *partie carrée*—merely a cheek by jowl affair—only four paces—in short, just hugging distance.

Now, I had several reasons for not assenting, on the spot, to come so closely in collision with the redoubtable Colonel, whose "dander," as brother Jonathan has it, was at length

up, and who, *apparently* sought to put a Kilkenny cat termination to our affair. In the first place, I had never fought a duel in any other spirit than that induced by the necessity for punishing an insult, and at the regular English distance; in the second, I knew the certain penalty of killing Colonel Williams at four paces, as I inevitably must have done, and had not the slightest desire that *his* chances of killing *me* should be proportioned to his inclination; and thirdly, not having reason to believe that Colonel Williams had the least serious idea himself of fighting at that distance, I felt satisfied that he only wanted my verbal refusal to his friend, to make a very laudatory and pompous affair of the over-boiling valor evinced in his proposal. After hearing what Captain Shaw had to say, I merely referred him to a friend in Brockville, whose promise of service, should it be necessary on the occasion, I had already received, and with whom, I added, he must confer as to preliminaries.

Shortly after Captain Shaw left, it occurred to me, that, to avoid misinterpretation, my sentiments had better be recorded in a note, and I therefore immediately dispatched the following, across the river, to Prescott, where he was quartered:—

OGDENSBURGH,
Half-past 3 o'clock, Sept. 23rd, 1840.

SIR,—In reference to the verbal message, conveyed through you, as his friend, by Lieut. Colonel Williams, that he would meet me at four paces, and to which I replied that the arrangement rested wholly with my friend Colonel Grant, to whom I referred you—I further beg to add that I shall, this afternoon, and with as little delay as possible, send to Brockville for Colonel Grant, who, I have no doubt, will be in Prescott at an early hour to-morrow, for the purpose of making such arrangements as may be necessary.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
J. RICHARDSON, MAJOR,
Late Spanish Service,

Captain Shaw,
&c. &c. &c.,
Prescott.

Meanwhile, Captain Shaw had proceeded to Brockville, and before my message reached Colonel Grant, had an in-

terview with that gentleman, as appears by the first note of their correspondence, which is subjoined.

GIRNASH'S HOTEL, PRESCOTT,
Sept. 24th, 1840.

SIR,—In compliance with my engagement, I, this morning, reply to your proposal of last evening, in regard to the affair between Colonel Williams and Major Richardson. Upon reflection, I cannot consent that a meeting should take place beween these gentlemen at less than the usual distance—from ten to twelve paces. A shorter distance would, in the event of anything fatal occurring, subject the surviving parties—principal and seconds—to a trial for murder.

I only await your reply to this note (and I beg it may be in writing,) to name the time and place.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

[Signed] A. GRANT.

Captain Shaw,
&c. &c. &c.,
Prescott.

PRESCOTT,
24th September, 1840.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledg the receipt of your note of this day's date, giving your reasons for not fulfilling the engagement you undertook last night, as the friend of Major Richardson, well knowing at that time the only terms on which Colonel Williams could at all feel justified in meeting him, and in which I fully concurred. Under existing circumstances, I cannot alter my opinion, or consent to their meeting at a longer distance than four paces.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

[Signed] A. SHAW

Lieut. Colonel Grant,
&c. &c. &c.

GIRNASH'S HOTEL,
Sept. 24th, 6 o'clock, p. m.

SIR,—I have just received your note, in answer to mine of this morning; and have only to observe, that it is perfectly immaterial whether Colonel Williams can or cannot feel himself justified in meeting Major Richardson at more than four paces, as you seem to intimate has been consented to by me last evening. I must beg *distinctly to deny* that I entered into any engagement with you last evening on the subject. On the contrary, I stated to you that I had not had the slightest communication with Major Richardson, and must apprize him of your proposal before I could render you a reply.

Colonel Williams has sent Major Richardson a message. That message has been accepted, as is usual among gentlemen; but neither Major Richardson nor myself have any desire to be classed among assassins. If I do not hear from you in the course of one hour from this, stating Colonel Williams' intention to meet Major Richardson at the usual distance, I shall be under the necessity of declining any further correspondence on the subject.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
[Signed] A. GRANT.

Captain Shaw,
&c. &c. &c.

But nothing like this moderate distance would answer the fire-eater—"four paces—nay, you may even give him *five* if he hesitates"—said the magnificent little Colonel to his second, "but stick to that—not one pace more." Another letter from Captain Shaw, repudiating, with chivalrous indignation and scorn, the very thought of ten paces—a distance only to be fought over with blunderbusses—and the honor of Colonel Williams, deeply wounded in the placarding he had so wantonly provoked, was sufficiently appeased. The hint of assassination, however, was not particularly pleasant to men who really never meant to be guilty of the crime, and Colonel Williams' friend, thus addressed mine on his own account.

PRESCOTT,
25th September, 1840.

SIR,—Having settled the object of my undertaking with respect to my friend Colonel Williams, I have some explanation to request from you as to the expression you made use of last evening respecting being "classed among assassins."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
[Signed] A. SHAW.

The hot, gaëlic blood of my gigantic second, who could have put poor little Colonel Williams into his pocket, and gone through a day's march, without ever being made sensible, from fatigue, that such a personage was there, grew very irascible at this demand; and seemed not a little inclined, to be exceedingly *brusque* and unmistakable in his answer. But the tables were now turned, and I was *his*

counsellor. As such I persuaded him to soften down his choler, and send the following, which while repeating, in other words, what had been before written, seemed to give the fullest satisfaction, for nothing further was heard from these 'four paces' gentlemen.

GIRNASH'S HOTEL,
Prescott, September 25th, 1840.

SIR,—I have just received your note, calling upon me to explain what was intended by the observation contained in my communication, that neither Major Richardson nor myself were desirous of being classed among assassins.

I should have imagined that any reference to this paragraph would have been made *before* the correspondence between us had terminated; however, even at this "eleventh hour," I have no hesitation in affording you an explanation of my meaning. Had I suffered Major Richardson to meet and kill Colonel Williams, at four paces (a result almost inevitable, from the shortness of the distance,) I should certainly have looked upon him and myself as assassins, and expected but little mercy from the civil power in the event of trial, Under these circumstances, I neither *could* nor *would* have gone out as the second of Major Richardson, or any other person,

These are my views in regard to Major Richardson and myself. I make no comment on the views or opinions of others.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

[Signed] A. GRANT.

Captain Shaw,
&c. &c. &c.

Colonel Williams published this correspondence in a pamphlet, which he distributed among the different regiments and corps in Canada; and to the letters, were appended a good deal of vituperation of the officer of the Queen of Spain's service, for not consenting to have his brains blown out at 'four paces.' I, of course felt myself called upon to publish a reply, which I caused to be circulated through the same channels; but this generally was *returned* to me. It concluded in the following words:—"Finally, the vulgar inuendoes, and he can deal in no other language, in which Colonel Williams has thought proper to indulge against the Spanish service, I, as an officer of that service, fling back upon him with the contempt and scorn they merit. But why break a fly upon the wheel?"

This affair created a good deal of sensation. As an instance

of the general opinion entertained in the country. The best commentary is afforded in the following extract from a letter from a gentleman in Montreal who had good opportunities of judging, and had had some little experience in these matters.

"We all here think you were perfectly right in acquiescing in your second's refusal to fight at four paces. How any officer in the British service could make such a proposal I cannot imagine. If such an offer had been made to me, I should have been apt to burlesque it, by accepting, on condition that the weapons were rifles! But no *gentleman could* be a second in such a duel – and no man, in a country blessed with that *ecce signum* of civilization—a gallows!

Colonel Williams was exceedingly indignant that he could not persuade all those, over whom he exercised the slightest authority, to join with him in condemnation of my conduct; and so far did he pursue the bitterness of his animosity, that he sought to prevent all intercourse between the officers under his command and myself. The following is highly characteristic of the man:—

The detac' .nent of the battalion, subject to this immediate orders, which was stationed at Gananoque, was commanded by a gentleman, who, with his wife, were from the same place with, and acquaintances of mine. Of course, we frequently saw each other, and a drive to Gananoque, for a day or two, was a matter of frequent occurrence—they visiting our cottage in return Colonel Williams, hearing of this, wrote up to Sir George Arthur, to complain of Captain Jessopp being, on terms of intimacy with Major Richardson, notwithstanding the affairs which had so recently taken place. This official letter was ordered by Sir George, to be sent to Captain Jessopp, for any remarks he might have to offer thereon. The commentary of that officer was very brief and characteristic. He replied, officially, that he had known Major Richardson, and his wife and her family, in England, and was wholly at a loss to understand why, since not the slightest imputation rested on Major Richardson's character, in the affairs alluded to by Colonel Williams, he (Captain Jessopp) should be made a partizan in the quarrels of the latter officer, or be expected to discontinue his acquaintance with one whom he had no reason to regard in any other light than as a gentleman.

This, although not perhaps the precise language used, was the spirit and substance of Captain Jessopp's communication; and nothing further was addressed to him on the subject.

But this complaint of Colonel Williams leads me to the consideration of another subject. It was confidently stated at the time, that, soon after the four paces farce had been acted, and the several manifestoes of the belligerent parties had gone forth, the Commander of the Forces, Sir Richard Jackson, had directed that the officers under his command should have nothing to do with Major Richardson, who had thus, imitating the example of his own "*Militaires*," publicly placarded an officer of rank in the British service. I have had good reason to believe that this was the case, and the very complaint made by Colonel Williams, to Sir George Arthur, seems to convey a notification of infringement of the interdiction previously laid by the Commander of the Forces, upon his officers.

Were I to say that this was a matter of indifference, I should assert what was not the case; for it is idle for any man, who has been a soldier, to pretend that he does not desire to stand well in the opinion of those who should, from their profession not less than from their position in society, be the best judges in these matters; and, indeed, whose approbation, as well as that of all other men of the world, it is one of the leading inducements, in resenting an insult, to secure. One's self-approval is much in these cases, but the approval of those with whom we are on terms of friendly intercourse, is not a little either.

But I know well from long experience that the army is a school of great tyranny, for not only is the body "cribbed, cabined, confined" by it; but the mind, the will the judgment also; and it requires but a hint from a commanding officer, directing the course he wishes to have pursued, to ensure unanimity of purpose and of action. Habits of implicit obedience have too long influenced them, to admit of the unchecked exercise of their own judgment, and "every duck waddles at the same gait."

Yet there were some few who had the manliness to exercise their own discretion, and to arrive at their own conclusions, in so pure a matter of right and wrong. The first, the most prominent of those who refused to sacrifice me to the injustice of which it was sought to make me the victim, was Assistant Commissary General Weir, and now at

the head of his department in Nova Scotia—and with him, Sir James Alexander of the 14th regiment—Colonel Ballingall of the Marines, and Major, the Baron de Rottenburg, of the 46th, with whom I had served in Spain. Captain Jessopp's spirited refusal to be coerced, I have already shown.

It might seem puerile, but from the inference that is to be drawn from the fact, that, I should individualize those officers, as assuming towards me, that bearing which one gentleman has a right to expect from another; but I am induced to mention them, because the exception here, in an eminent degree, proves the rule—that is to say, the *command* to avoid Major Richardson, as a difficult or dangerous person. The more honor to those, who, in their honesty and integrity of purpose, had the manliness to think and act for themselves. Had there been, in their estimation, any thing improper in my conduct, in the affairs in question, these officers certainly would not have countenanced and acknowledged me, as I feel gratified—as far as regards themselves—to say they have uniformly done; neither would they have introduced me to their mess-tables. Subsequent to the affair in Montreal, in which Colonel Williams pretended I had misconducted myself, the only regiment with which I ever dined, was the 93rd Highlanders; and after my misunderstanding with *him*, the three first officers whom I have mentioned, invited me to their respective messes. The Artillery, the 14th, and the Royal Navy and Marines, at which latter, I was a frequent, and, I believe, a favored guest. As I have already remarked, these things are trifling in the abstract, but not without their weight when taken with the peculiar character of the context.

I have listened with a good deal of patience, but, at the same time, not without mortification that I should be so far misunderstood, when it has been seriously stated to me, although in a truly friendly spirit, that I have, in a great degree, been shunned as one repeatedly manifesting a quarrelsome disposition. If, as I have remarked elsewhere, to be incapable of suffering a slight or an insult to pass without notice, be to evince the character of a quarrelsome man, it would be vain for me to attempt to exonerate myself from the charge, nor do I feel any inclination to do so. But I maintain that the feeling I have ever manifested in these matters, does not—cannot come under such a category. I rarely—very rarely indeed—offend without a cause, and if perchance I do, no man is more prompt to tender his apolo-

gy; while, on the other hand, an apology for offence towards myself, where I believe it to be the spontaneous effusion of the heart, and not *wrung* from the offender, is ever gladly accepted by me. Some men are more susceptible on these points than others—perhaps erroneously so—but where the impression of *insult received* exists, that man must be debased indeed, in his own opinion, who suffers patiently under it—and if sunk in his own estimation, how can he fail to think that others will judge him by his own standard? Nay, I will even go farther. Humility is a very praiseworthy virtue in the abstract; but I verily believe that the Deity, the great Creator of mind as well as of matter, looks with no extreme disfavor on the man who causes in his own person, and as far as his imperfect nature can attain that end, that high sense of individuality with which he has endowed the most intellectual of his creatures, and which is an emanation from HIMSELF, to be respected by the stern assertion of its own dignity. Nor, as I may show at some future day, and at much greater length, is there any thing singular or wild in this idea?

With a rightly-thinking and rightly-feeling man, it is not blood that is sought, on these occasions, so much as the atonement. It is true blood may flow, but that is only the contingency; and were anything wanting to prove this, the most conclusive evidence is to be found in the fact that the party insulted often stands a greater risk of being shot himself, than of drawing blood from the offender; nay, he may challenge that offender under the perfect assurance that he will be shot; and yet his high sense of honor must remain sullied unless (apology, where it *can* be received, being wanting,) the good old fashion, instituted in the days of chivalry and manly heroism, and which the utilitarian spirit of this matter-of-fact age is fast seeking to discountenance, but can never, it is to be hoped, effectually destroy—be resorted to.

It may be replied to this, that he who fights many duels must necessarily be a good marksman, and that his proficiency renders him the more ready to embark in a contest in which his skill is likely to avail him so much. To that I rejoin that, in my case, this never was a consideration; for, although the assertion may, by some, be doubted, I am not by any means what is called "a dead shot," "a candle snuffer," or "a hair splitter; neither have I ever made pistol practice my study—seldom, indeed, engaging in it even as

a *passe-temps*. The proficiency of a Somers or an O'Meara, on one side of the British Channel, or that of a Du Hally or a Failliot on the other, I never sought to attain, and, in all probability, never shall.

But even admitting that I were all this—admitting that I had studied the pistol as a saint does her breviary, that abstract fact would prove nothing. To bear out the assertion, that a man is of a quarrelsome disposition, it must be shown that he is in the habit of *fastening* quarrels upon others. He must be proved to be governed by the same animus which once induced the Count Du Hally, above alluded to, to untie, in a public ball room, the cravat of a mere youth—a total stranger to him—with no other reason assigned—no other remark made—than "*Monsieur votre manière de plier votre cravate ne me plait pas;*" and then, when called out on the spot, to kill the insulted youth, under a neighboring lamp-post. Some such disposition to ruffianism must be shown; but what have been the facts connected with the several affairs in which I have unfortunately, and from no desire of my own, been engaged, and from what side has the act of aggresssion proceeded? Surely, from the instances it has been my unpleasant task to detail, it cannot be shown that I have been originally the offending r .rty; but these are not unsupported by further evidence.

On my first arrival in this country, I found Colonel Chichester, then an Inspecting Field Officer also, and since dead, while in command of the 81st Regiment. That officer had, while in Spain, and as a Brigadier General, seconded a highly offensive resolution, affecting me, which circumstances rendered it impossible that I could then notice. The proposer of that resolution gave me, very reluctantly indeed, his written apology, and General Chichester did the same, on conviction of his wrong—Colonel Wetherall, of the Royals, being his friend on the occasion. These documents, together with other matter connected with them, I subsequently published, as, in vindication of my assailed honor, I had a legitimate right to do, and copies were sent home, not only to Lord Hill, then Commander-in-chief, but to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Sir Henry Hardinge, the United Service Clubs, and to General De Lacy Evans, under whose indirect sanction the insult in question had been offered to me. This, I have reason to believe, created me no favor here, and had not a little to do with the chivalrous conduct adopted in regard to me at a subsequent period; but I had

no other course to pursue. It was known in every Military circle in the British army—for the facts had been published in the United Service Gazette—that valuable hebdomedal which is to be found on every mess-table, from Canada to China—that Colonel Kirby had proposed, and Brigadier General Chichester seconded, a resolution, charging me with outraging the feelings of the members of the club,(Field Officers,) and moving my expulsion, and the return of my subscription. It therefore became a matter of paramount duty with me to send to the distinguished officers I have named, as well as to the military clubs and journals in London, the written apologies which contained their recantation.

It would be insulting the common sense of the reader, were I to ask whether it was possible that I could have been in the wrong, in the original matter—the charge of outrage at the club in San Sebastian; or in my subsequent demand for reparation for an unmerited wrong. The thing speaks for itself. Had the action then taken been just, the apologies, containing expressions of regret, would not have been made—at least by one party. General Chichester, as brave a soldier as ever entered a battle-field, and who had returned to his British rank, would not have apologized, had he not been convinced of his wrong; nor could Colonel, Wetherall, as his friend, have advised or permitted it. With Colonel Kirby it was different. Of his wrong he was sensible enough, but his apology for that wrong, was, I have no hesitation in repeating, unwillingly drawn from him. I owe him nothing for it.

Thus then, I think, I have shown distinctly enough that in neither of those affairs to which I have alluded has the aggression or offence originated with me. Two others I shall subjoin, and I have equal confidence, that, when I have detailed them, it will be admitted I acted in any other than a spirit of contention.

The first instance to which I shall refer, occurred not long after my affair with Colonel Chichester. Strolling, one day on the Champ de Mars, while the band were playing, I saw an officer at some distance striking my favorite Hector, to whom, in my Eight Years in Canada, I have so often alluded. The latter was, fighting with another dog rather smaller than himself; and the officer seemed to be dealing out his blows on Hector's back and loins with no small vigor—the instrument of punishment being a light elastic cane. Now, these blows were not very serious in

themselves, but still they were blows; and there ever seems to be that affinity between the dog and his master which causes the latter to look upon a blow given to his trusty follower as though extending, through the influence of strong sympathy, to himself. In fact, an unapologized-for-assault on the dog is tantamount, at least, to an insult to the master; and it was in that spirit that the Macnamara tragedy was enacted in London. I, very naturally—any man would have done the same—went up to the officer, then a personal stranger to me, and inquired what he meant by punishing my dog. He replied, that he had been fighting with a smaller one, and that he would serve any dog in the same manner, under the same circumstances. There was an assemblage of ladies on the ground, and, of course *that* was not the proper place for further discussion. I merely remarked, "Very well, Sir," and turned on my heel to leave the promenade. Before, however, I had gone a hundred yards, on my way home, it occurred to me that the offender might not, at the time, have known whose dog he had struck, and I determined to return and ask the question. Fortunately, I met him, arm-in-arm, with an officer of his own regiment, an acquaintance of my own; and I took the occasion of his being then detached from the crowd, to ask him, in the presence of his friend, and a gentleman who was with me, if he knew, at the time he was striking him, to whom the dog belonged. The answer was, as nearly as I can recollect: "I assure you, Major Richardson, I did not know the dog was yours, nor did I mean, in the slightest degree, to offend you in striking him. I merely obeyed a natural feeling, in endeavouring to save the weaker animal from the stronger."

What could be more gentlemanly—more satisfactory than this? I was disarmed in an instant of the mortification and indignation I felt at what appeared to me, to have been an intentional insult, and I answered truly, that I was indeed most happy to hear the avowal, and trusted that no more might be thought of the matter: and thus we parted—I with a much lighter heart, and a far less embarrassed spirit than when I had begun to move from the promenade to fulfil a duty which had so painfully been imposed upon me.

A few days later, I had the pleasure of meeting, and taking wine with this officer at the mess of his regiment—and indeed, he was kind enough to take home to England, whither he was returning on leave of absence, the volumes con-

taining the apology of Colonel Chichester, to which I have so recently alluded, as having been addressed to the Commander in Chief, and other distinguished officers of the British service.

I am aware, that in this matter, I was thought to be unduly hasty, but wherefore? It was no fault of mine that an officer—a stranger to me, and therefore assumed to be less excusable—should have punished my dog before a host of people—those people knowing the animal to be mine; nor could it be expected that a gentleman, seeing his favorite thus treated, should content himself with looking on, and suffer uncomplainingly, in a two-fold sense, under the infliction. I could do nothing less than inquire, perhaps in a peremptory tone, but not wholly unsuited to the occasion, what was intended by, what appeared to be, so pointed a proceeding. Nor will it be said that the answer which I received, in the first instance, bore any such interpretation as apology. Under the circumstances, I had but one course to pursue, but if I had felt that exultation, which some persons would willingly ascribe to me, at being afforded an opportunity of gratifying my pugnacious propensities, I should hardly have adopted the prefatory and milder course of returning, and asking Mr. —— if he had acted with a design to offend—thus leaving him every fair opportunity for honorable explanation.

The last case to which I shall refer, in connection with this subject, and which is rather a curious one, occurred during the period when the 52nd and 89th regiments were quartered in Montreal. The *locale* was a place of public amusement, where a very young gentleman, Mr. Mytton, of the latter corps, thought proper to conduct himself towards me in rather a cavalier—nay, rude manner; and *that*, without the slightest provocation of look, word, or act, on my part. That Mr. Mytton enjoyed a name of high repute, every body knows; for what man has attained a higher celebrity than the father of this young gentleman—not as a soldier, a statesman, or a scholar, but in the higher arts of leaping fences, hedges, toll-gates, and fifty other equally scientific and remarkable accomplishments. Of course, from the *unscorched* loins of such a sire, could not but spring a scion worthy of himself. I believe Mr. Mytton, however, attained to higher distinction than even his gifted progenitor. He could stand on a table, I understand, for I never was a witness of this display of ability, and per-

form a summersault, taking up in the act, his hat which lay upon the floor, with the empty head, and without the slightest assistance from his hands. Now, whether it was the very natural feeling of pride and self-confidence, arising from the possession of accomplishments of which his hat feat is a sample, or of wealth out of all proportion with his wit, Mr. Mytton was, it appears, at all times exceedingly disposed to be vulgarly *brusque* in his manner, and, on this particular occasion, was obviously rude to me. This conduct was repeated before I took any notice of it, and then I simply remarked that I should take the opportunity of sending to him in the morning. In the meantime another officer, Captain ———, observed to me, and in a tone which I did not conceive to be the most courteous in the world, that his friend Mr. Mytton was not addressing himself to me. This was very true, for the youth's remarks were made not *to* but evidently *at* me. I very quietly asked this second gentleman what *his* name was. He gave it to me as Captain ——— of the 52nd. "Then, sir, I shall also be under the necessity of sending to you in the morning." Nothing further passed at the time, but soon afterwards, Captain —— left his seat, and coming to the spot where I was standing at the time, began to explain himself, assuring me that he never intended any thing offensive by his observation. This declaration I received with unmixed satisfaction, for I felt all the unpleasantness of having two affairs upon my hands at the same moment, and these quite unprovoked by myself; and I very frankly told Captain —— that I had expected nothing less from an officer of the gallant 52nd. Here then, was one of my annoyances disposed off.

Not long afterwards, an officer of the 89th, who had accompanied Mr. Mytton into the room, and had, with others, been present during his remarks, touched me on the shoulder, and, on my turning round, requested me to go with him into an adjoining room. I did so; and found there, grouped together, some three or four officers, among whom was Capt. ——, whose disclaimer of offence I had just received. These gentlemen began, by remarking that they, of course, knew perfectly well what I intended doing in the morning; but strongly urged me not to pay any attention to what had been said by Mr. Mytton; that this was *only* his manner, and that he was in the constant practice of making the most offensive comments on themselves, of which, however, they never took the least notice. Not a little surprised at this

novel species of intercession, I remarked that Mr. Mytton might take these liberties with *them*, to whom he was known, but that, with a perfect stranger, the case was very different.

Captain ——, and Mr. G——, of the 89th, appeared principally interested on the occasion. These gentlemen continued very earnestly to entreat that I would not send to Mr. Mytton in the morning, or, in fact, treat him as other than a rude and inconsiderate boy, who had taken too much wine; adding, that they would consider my acceptance of their explanation as a personal obligation. Thus urged, and not really being desirous of proceeding to extremities with so mere a youth, I told those gentlemen that, singular as the proceeding was, I would not take any further steps in the matter, provided they would pledge themselves, in the event of remark being made on the subject hereafter, to defend me from any unjust imputation, owing to my failure to notice Mr. Mytton's impertinence in the manner I had proposed. They all assured me that they would make it known, if necessary, that I had only yielded to their intercession, and that my conduct throughout had been strictly that of a gentleman. With this assurance, the conversation ceased.

Now, let me ask, what stronger evidence of moderation can be adduced than I exhibited on this occasion? A party. I will not say intrude themselves in, but enter, a place where I happen to be; and one of them, without the slightest provocation on my part, thinks proper to make use of offensive language. On my hint to notice this at a suitable moment, another of that party interposes in support of his friend, and leaves me in the pleasant position of knowing that I have two invitations to send instead of one. True, the good sense of the last offender induces him to pursue a course which relieves us both—and me in particular—from a heavy responsibility. Then, when the friends of the first party solicit me not to resent the offence of an impertinent Ensign, richly deserving of chastisement, I evince anything but a vindictive desire to persevere—satisfied that my motives are understood, and that those gentlemen constituted, from the circumstances, the guardians of my honor in this peculiar case, will do me common justice on the premises, I accede to their request, and treat the young man as a brainless and ill-mannered stripling. I have no hesitation in giving the name of Mr. Mytton; nor, indeed, need I have used any delicacy in regard to the others—all of them were,

and are, strangers to me; and I dare say, if I had committed myself in any way in the matter, they would not have evinced much tenderness, on that score, to me.

Such, then, were the results springing from the conduct which had been pursued, towards me, by the Grenadier Guards; and because I knew this to be the case, I felt the more tenacious on the subject. Had it not been for their example, Lieutenant Schreiber never would have stated to people in Detroit, that I had been the author of a paragraph written in a spirit highly offensive to my American friends. Neither, indeed, would he have been put to the humiliation of confessing regret for what he had coolly and deliberately done. His apology to me, I consider a forced one, for had he entertained a correct apprehension on the occasion, or been guided by a proper feeling, he would have made at *first*, the apology that was only conceded to a renewed demand.

Again, had it not been for the course pursued by the Grenadier Guards, Colonel Williams would never have presumed to conduct himself, as has been seen in the preceding pages. Had *they* acted in the bold, manly, and independent manner which was to have been expected from men, who had had no reason to alter the favorable opinion they had once done me the honor to entertain for me, that affair never would have taken place.

Nor, finally, would this half-fledged Ensign, Mr. Mytton, with just *nous* enough to know his right half face from his left, have presumed to evince, towards me—a soldier of some five-and-thirty years bearing—a bearing for which I had previously called his superiors to account, had not a garbled statement of my affair with the Guards gone forth, mystifying the truth, and perhaps leading every impertinent to believe that I was a sort of man who could be offended with impunity. Some of these young men labor under the impression, that, because Her Majesty has thought proper to discountenance duelling in the army, that principle will hold good in the relations of military men with civilians. They are in error. Her Majesty's prohibition is confined within the limits of the respective services themselves. It can have no reference to affairs where *one* of the parties only, is of the service, and in the service. Nor can an officer plead, as an excuse for not going out, that he may lose his commission. That commission he must sell or lose, if necessary; but atonement *must* be made if insult be offered

to a civilian, otherwise will something far more fatal, though much less wounding and painful than posting—the secret pistol and the bowie-knife, be resorted to, to avenge the wrong —the injury—sustained, and yet unatoned for.

As I have stated at the outset of these pages, it is far from being a task of pleasure to be compelled to recur thus to the past; but it was necessary that the wound should be again probed; for I have reason to think the cure has been anything but effectual or permanent. Several years have now passed away since the first hateful act of this drama was performed; and time has so mystified and confused the whole transaction, that it is now seen as "through a glass darkly," and not all to my advantage. Regiment has succeeded regiment on the theatre of the first representation, and these have, in turn, received their impressions Few, however, are aware of the real facts of the case—fewer of the existence of the letter of Colonel Ellison exculpating me, in his own name, and that of his officers, from all blame —still fewer of my earnest appeal to the then Commander of the Forces for a Court of Inquiry—that high tribunal of honor and, sometimes, of justice, where the merits of a case can be the more fully and the more fairly tested. All return to England, convinced by the idle rumors they have heard—perhaps corroborating what the Grenadier Guards themselves have erroneously put forth, and whispering away a fair fame which they prudently decline openly to attack.

These, then, are the reasons—and powerful they must be admitted to be—which have, at length, induced me to rise up in my own justification, and submit to the world, and particularly to those who are the acknowledged arbiters in the code of honor, for an infringement of which I originally stood charged, the conduct of men who so heartlessly, and so unjustly, placed me in that most unenviable position. I repeat, therefore, that I cannot go down to the grave without leaving behind me this imperishable record of facts, in which is illustrated, under the signature of my enemies, my proud adhesion to those principles of action which prevail in the modern world of chivalry, and by which my conduct has ever been regulated.

Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I throw not the glove of defiance at those who have not sought to injure me either in word or deed. I intend no allusion to those who were not of the number who sought to do me evil—but of those who have—even was their number legion—I tell

them that I entertain for them the most unmitigated scorn. Men, who could feel and act as they did, who counselled that a brother officer should be posted on the public walls of a city as a coward, when the fluttering of their hearts, filled with very dread of detection of their participation in the foul wrong being brought home to them, gave the lie to what their lips had still the temerity to utter—are indeed almost beneath even scorn; but let that pass. The Guards are gone—but not out of the world, and they alone, who were here on the occasion in question, are embraced in any allusion that has been made, in the course of this most painful explanation. But not the Guards only, *could* have been the advisers of this measure. Indeed, notwithstanding all their extraordinary and contradictory conduct towards myself, I believe them to have been far too honorable men for *that*. There were other officers present then, who are still in the country. If any are of the number who advised my being placarded for the coward, they well knew I was not, the remark I have made, at the outset of this paragraph, applies to them. It may be highly honorable to counsel others to proclaim me what Her Majesty does not; but those gentlemen ought to know enough of their own service, to be sensible that the British Government does not confer military rewards on men who are remarkable for their want of courage. It is a proud trophy. I have had the good fortune to win it in the service of England, as well as in the service of a Foreign power, and having won it, I trust I know how to preserve my claim to it, in defiance of my assailants. How many of their breasts can exhibit the same *guerdon* of honor? Nor, let it be imagined that I am influenced by any undue vanity in the possession of that which it is the first desire of the soldier's heart to obtain. At another moment, and on another occasion, I should have abstained from all allusion to the subject, but this is not a time to be influenced by a misplaced delicacy. When the question at issue, is the personal resolution of a man—and, although that question no longer exists, it *was* the groundwork on which is based all that is detailed in the preceding pages—the best evidence that can be offered, in disproof, is a reference to that which ought to put to shame those, whom an inordinate and unwholesome appetite for scandal, blinds to the holiness of charity, and in whose breasts is stamped the malignancy of a wilful and perverse love of detraction.

As the mere man of business prides himself on his com-

mercial integrity, and would almost rather hang himself in his garters than fail to meet, at the proper season, a bill that is due, so does the soldier pride himself on those chivalrous principles which have been inculcated in early youth—grown with his growth, and become so interwoven with his moral being, that they form an essential ingredient of his character. Both have their peculiar codes—for each has been brought up in a different school, and each believes his own to be the imperative one.

These have, at least, ever been my sentiments; and how far I have acted up to the principle is made manifest from the foregoing—although there are hundreds of men in London who know that a very different experience has been afforded me, in Europe, to what is recorded here. The character of a quarrelsome man I am by no means inclined to assume to myself, although, as I have already remarked, I am not desirous to deny the existence of that self-respect which will not suffer affront, real or imagined, to pass without a demand for explanation. If I am wrong, I will cheerfully submit to be condemned, not by people who, neither from education nor from knowledge of the world, are competent to decide upon these questions; but by those in whom is vested the right to inquire into the conduct of men who profess to belong to the freemasonry of that particular school of honor which regulates the courtesy of good society. These, as I have elsewhere remarked, are principally to be found in the most select of the London Clubs, and by their impartial and honest judgment in the matters herein set forth, and supported by documentary evidence, am I prepared to stand or fall.

From them, however, I anticipate but one decision; or, if blame be at all attached to my conduct, it will be in this, —that I did not call out all the superior officers of the Grenadier Guards, with the exception of Colonel Ellison, the moment after their letter had placed me in a position to do so. I had considered this matter deeply, but on consultation with the friend to whom I have previously alluded, we came to the decision, that, as the letter of explanation from the Grenadier Guards distinctly implied offence at my answer to their original note, even while it denied all intention of slight on their own part, I could not well prosecute the affair further, inasmuch as the frank letter of explanation from Colonel Ellison having been published, and public opinion satisfied, any additional step would only be to incur

that very odium of pertinacity in these matters, which it has been so sedulously sought to affix to me. Moreover, if the Guards were pleased to take offence, as a body, because I had accused them of insulting a lady—which they certainly did—I, of course, could not compel their choice of action. There was a reason given, as implied in Colonel Ellison's letter, wherein he says, that after my note to them, they had no *other* course left them to pursue. To call out bodies of men, is rather a quixotic, and somewhat delicate undertaking at any time, and it was particularly so with me, at that moment, when I labored under the difficulty which is so well described in the extract, from a recent work by Cooper, which I have given at the commencement. That I was not influenced by the same consideration, at an earlier period, even in reference to these gentlemen Guardsmen, might be seen from a correspondence now in my possession, but which, as the party to whom I allude is no more, I shall abstain from publishing.

ERRATUM.

Page 50, 29th line—for five-and-thirty years *bearing*, read five-and-thirty years *standing*.